

BY ARA THOMMASEN

## *Lost Vancouver*

Find me a little bay at the end of Snauq  
Seeking shelter from the vastness of Vancouver  
And the raw unfiltered weather  
Soul a little meeker now n' feeling  
this re-naissance of art and culture (in me)  
Bubbling over, in the sheltered bus  
Lingering saltwater tang  
Gust of sea salt rushes up on the wind  
Leaning over the edge of the dock  
For a photograph

Phonograph me lately and you'll see  
These phonemes of thorn that wrapped my heart  
wearing down the grey rock  
O, the tiers of falling water  
N bits of something caught n filtered  
Through the bleeds n blinds I saw  
Slanted rays of autumn afternoons  
N ripening wine the colour of blood  
Saved in casks in the cellar

Tricksy,  
He had no right to take me out like that  
And I deserved better  
She breaks free and is soaring in the air  
So bright and cultural,  
She could be a beacon or a flag boy

Artifices, edifices; natural waters flow,  
welcoming cockles back, n mussels:  
filtering vessels through which we breathe and eat.



**Port Window**  
by Yoona Charland